To whoſe huge ſpokes ten thouſand leſſer things
Are morteiſt and adjoin'd, which when it falls,
Each ſmall annexment, pettie conſequence
Attends the boiſtrous raine, never alone
Did the King ſigh, but a generall grone.
King. Arme you I pray you to this ſpeedy voiage,
For we will fetters put about this feare
Which now goes too free footed.
Roſ. We will make haſte. *Exeunt Gent.*
Enter Polonius.
Pol. My Lord hee's going to his mothers cloſet,
Behind the Arras Ile convay my ſelfe
To heare the proceſſe, Ile warnt ſhee'l tax him home;
And as you ſaid, and wiſely was it ſaid,
'Tis meet that ſome more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partiall, ſhould ore-heare
The ſpeech of vantage; fare you well my Liege,
Ile call upon you ere you goe to bed,
And tell you what I heare. *Exit.*
King. Thankes deare my Lord.
O my offence is ranke, it ſmels to heaven,
It hath the primall eldeſt curſe upon't;
A brothers murder: pray can I not,
Though inclination be as ſharpe as will,
My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtrong intent;
And like a man to double buſineſſe bound,
I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect: what if this curſed hand
Were thicker than it ſelfe with brothers blood?
Is there not raine enough in the ſweet heavens
To waſh it white as ſnow? whereto ſerves mercy,
But to confront the viſage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this twofold force,
To be foreſtalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon being downe? then Ile looke up:
My fault is paſt: but oh! what forme of prayer
Can ſerve my turne? forgive me my foule murther?
That cannot be, ſince I am ſtill poſſeſt

Of thoſe affects for which I
My Crowne, mine owne am
May one be pardoned and r
In the corrupted currents o
Offences guided hand may
And oft 'tis ſeene the wicke
Buyes out the Law; but 'tis
There is no ſhuffling, there
In his true nature, and we
Even to the teeth and forel
To give in evidence: what
Try what repentance can;
Yet what can it when one
O wretched ſtate! O boſo
O limed ſoule! that ſtrugg
Art more ingaged! helpe A
Bow ſtubborn knees, and h
Be ſoft as ſinnewes of the n
All may be well.
Ham. Now might I do
And now Ile do't, and ſo a
And ſo am I reveng'd? tha
A villaine kills my father,
I his ſole ſonne doe this fa
To heaven:
Why this is baſe and ſilly
A tooke my father groſſel
With all his crimes broa
And how his audit ſtands
But in our circumſtance a
'Tis heavie with him; an
To take him in the purgi
When he is fit and ſeaſon
No,
Up ſword, and know thou
When he is drunke, aſlee
Or in th'inceſtuous pleaſ
At game, a ſwearing, or a

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